

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE —  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 48

No.

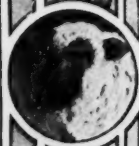
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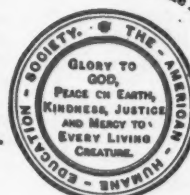
# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered  
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM  
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners  
and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 48

Boston, June, 1915

No. 1

Animals in sickness are like the rest of us. Some are patient, responsive, uncomplaining, apparently grateful. Others fretful, cross, difficult to manage. For the same service rendered one will lick your hand and another bite it. They are almost human.

At the Franklin Park Zoological Garden recently a man who had been feeding peanuts to one of the elephants said to his friend, "Now I will fool him." He gave him a button. The elephant took it, dropped it, and then blew out of his trunk enough moisture of some sort to cover the man's face and badly soil his clothes. Gratitude for the peanuts might have made allowance for the button. It is dangerous to count on gratitude either with men or animals.

A prominent officer of the Salvation Army, the principal of the National Training College, writes us, "For years now, no matter what part of the country I have been in, *Our Dumb Animals* has reached me monthly, and over and over again I have taken the magazine into the various gatherings of our young people and read articles from it or have taken it on to the public platform." We are just arranging for one hundred stereopticon slides, to be sent this good friend and helper for use in his humane educational work.

In the death of Mrs. T. J. Marble, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which occurred recently, the animals of Boston and vicinity, and particularly the horses, have lost a faithful and untiring friend. When the last illness came she said to her daughter, "Now look out for my horses, won't you!" She meant the horses that came and went through the streets, and whose interests she never forgot.

We cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude to one of our Directors who has just presented us with a paid-up fire insurance policy covering our new building for five years. The gift, with another one from the same giver, means more than a thousand dollars to the Society. We are only allowed to record it as "From a Friend Who Believes in Fire Insurance."

Another friend has sent us in memory of her father and mother a beautiful picture of sheep and a first edition of "Rab and His Friends," and also an engraving of the well-known author of this famous story, Dr. John Brown.

The gift of a fine span of horses to do our teaming work, transporting *Our Dumb Animals* from the printers to the mailing department and to the post-office, and hauling and delivering freight, hay and grain, etc., has been greatly appreciated by us. The team is also on hand for emergency ambulance cases when the electric ambulance is out. We have had both ambulances in service at the same time on several occasions.

We doubt if any one outside of our offices appreciates the amount of humane literature that we are constantly mailing, much of it free, much of it ordered and paid for, at cost, by humane workers. Three and four hundred packages a day that go all over the world is not an unusual number. This does not include *Our Dumb Animals*.

## THE PERPETUAL WAR

In Nature the beast of prey must be reckoned with when his domain overlaps that of man. The assertion is made by government authorities that predatory animals—bears, wolves, coyotes, mountain lions and wildcats cause a loss of \$15,000,000 annually to owners of live stock in the United States. A law has been enacted appropriating \$125,000 to be used in destroying these wild creatures in those sections of the country where they are most numerous. One wolf, it is said, will do \$1000 worth of damage in a year to the flocks and herds he can reach. Outside of man's realm the warfare never ceases, the lion and the lamb do not lie down together. F.H.R.

## THE COST OF FILTH

We said in a recent issue of this magazine that the filthy conditions under which much of the live stock of the country is kept were responsible for no small part of the \$3,399,110 loss caused by the late outbreak of the foot and mouth disease. A farmer of large experience writes to a leading journal, "I have an old friend who for many years has bred and fed annually two or three carloads of hogs. He avoids all filth. He disinfects liberally. He has no cholera. Certain conditions well adapted to hog cholera must exist before it can flourish. With proper feeding and sanitation there can be no outbreaks of hog cholera." The same is true of the foot and mouth disease. All kinds of animals, men as well as cattle, sheep and swine can be saved vast burdens of pain and loss by so simple a prophylactic as cleanliness. F.H.R.

## THE HORSE'S FRIEND

This we must call that gifted genius, Elbert Hubbard, whose life, it appears at this writing, has been sacrificed in the destruction of the Lusitania. In the *New York American*, he wrote recently, among other things:

One of my boyhood's memories is that of a picture entitled, "After the Battle."

The picture showed a mare shot through the leg, lifting this broken leg from the ground and making a heroic effort to stand. For by her side nosed her little colt, aged perhaps one month, and the mother thought she must live for her baby.

Brought up in the country in a horse atmosphere this picture made an indelible impression on my child mind.

If there is a life after this and men will be obliged to give an account of the deeds done in the flesh, then perhaps the horses will come forward as witnesses and accusers of man's inhumanity to animals.

Aristotle wrote, three hundred years before Christ, this: "The country that can produce good horses and domesticate its animals will also produce a great race of men, for man is brother to the dumb brute."

When a man forgets his dumb brothers, and is dead to their fears, sufferings and agonies, he has lost his own soul. Am I my dumb brother's keeper? Certainly, yes, and thou shalt give an account of thy stewardship! F.H.R.

## "ON TAKING ANIMAL LIFE"

The *Breeder's Gazette*, Chicago, says editorially what deserves wide reading:

Life is a sacred thing, whether we speak of it in man or in the brute creation, and should never wantonly be taken. Our children should be taught this lesson early, because all normal boys have inherited the primal cave-man's instinct to kill. Some one has said that the difference between men and tigers lies in the fact that the former hire somebody else to kill their food while the jungle brutes, staking their own lives often on the chance, kill if they can, their own supplies, and attain a reputation for fierceness in the doing of it that sets the hand of all the world against them.

If this fine magazine from which we quote the above would only join in the campaign for the humane slaughtering of our food animals, urging, in all cases, stunning before the use of the knife, it could hasten that day when the cruelties of the shambles would be vastly less than they are at present. F.H.R.



## THE SLEEPING LION

(Bronx Park)

By ANNA M. FIELDING

His huge head with its tawny mane,  
Is pressed against the wire;  
Asleep, the beast forgets his pain,  
In land of heart's desire.

His form of massive strength lies prone—  
Inert, his velvet paws—  
Unmoving as if carved in stone—  
Hushed, his rebellious roars.

He leaves the floor of hard cement,  
With kingly mien to roam,  
In pathways his forefathers went,  
In far-off jungle home.

The meager, metal water-pan,  
Transforms to forest stream,  
Where with impetuous joy he ran  
To drink, drink deep—in dream.

The smooth, tiled walls, no more he sees;  
But in their stead appear  
Rank undergrowth, luxuriant trees,  
Where wild beasts have no fear.

Dream on, O regal beast! Heartsease  
And freedom will come yet—  
When jungeward your spirit flees,  
Far from captivity's fret.

## FOLLOWING THE ROE

By LILLIAN TROTT

ORDINARILY deer of every species are beautiful in form and color and graceful in movements, although elk, or moose, upon first appearance have a clumsy guise. The elk has a square muzzle, short, thick-looking neck, stocky body, long, ungainly legs, shambling gait, unwieldy horns, and a tuft of hair under its throat. While the average deer is timid, the moose is a beast to reckon with, that cumbersome trot of his overtaking an enemy on short notice, while temper and horns give battle to terrify many an aggressive foe, in America and Europe.

The Virginia deer finds a home as far north as New England, changing color to suit the season, from its red-brown of spring to blue-gray in fall, and dull brown when the snow flies.

The red stag-deer, common to Europe and Asia, has an American counterpart in the Canadian wapiti, feeding in herds or swimming with horns resting back on their shoulders. The fallow deer, smaller than these, has a spotted hide and long tail, wild in the British Isles, but domesticated in parts of Continental Europe and Asia. The bright-red roebuck, little more than two feet from hoof to shoulder, is immortalized in Burns'

"My heart's in the Highlands,  
a-chasing the deer;"

while the reindeer is the Laplander's horse and cow in one.

About twenty years ago reindeer were introduced from Siberia to Alaska, and the beautiful, useful creatures have civilized the Eskimo of the latter country. So popular did the animal immediately become that now more than 47,000 reindeer inhabit Alaska, more than 30,500 belonging to the Eskimo natives, who find them more valuable for food, skins, and means of travel than Eskimo dogs, at the same time yielding a little milk in season, while their food is of a kind supplied more easily. The gypsy-like native has turned farmer and trader, with the domestication of the reindeer, living in his own house and following a steady occupation. It is peculiarly adapted to cold countries, the Greenlanders and Scandinavians having long ago recognized its usefulness, although our red brothers of North America never followed it except in the chase. Eskimo children make pets of the fawns, much as Yankee boys and girls pet Jersey and Ayrshire calves.

## ANIMALS AND EARTHQUAKES

That animals are sensitive to the approach of earthquakes is a fact frequently observed, and the more recent seismic troubles in various countries give numerous examples of this singular faculty which many animals possess. For instance, in Japan, horses set up an unusual agitation whenever a seismic shock is near at hand. In Central America dogs and cats flee from houses and the inhabitants have become so accustomed to this that they follow the example of the animals and leave their dwellings, so as to escape danger. In Italy it has been observed that birds left their nests and flew up to a great height in the air, but this without noise, before the earthquake took place. However, from the beginning of the shocks to the last the birds uttered their cries continuously. It is asserted that in Sicily cocks crow and dogs howl just before an earthquake.

—Catholic Sentinel.



VERNA SALLOWS AND HER PET COON

(Photograph by R. R. Sallows, Goderich, Canada)

## "DOLLY"

From England a valued correspondent sends us the following item:

There is a gallant young soldier at the front, of the Household Cavalry, who appears to be more concerned about the safety and welfare of "Dolly," his horse, than he is about his own prospects. Here are some extracts from a letter which has just been received by his sister at Catford:—"The mail came in at dinner, and there were 24 bags for the Household Cavalry. . . . I have told 'Dolly' so many times that there is sugar on the way, and each time we open mails she looks round and pouts and blows her nose. But I fancy she hears someone say 'Feed,' and of course I see she gets on the q. t. All spare bread goes to the 'Beautiful Doll.' She is sticking it well—so cold at night—but she is growing her winter coat, and it won't come off this time as in London each year. She is only a trifle thinner. Many times I have almost lost her through shell fire, pieces dropping just near and making such a whiz in the ground. . . ."

## THE MEXICAN BULL-FIGHT

Lamar, Missouri, April 2, 1915.

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I am traveling lecturer for the Luther Burbank Company of San Francisco, California.

In a country town of Missouri I happened to see a copy of your paper and reading in it the article, "An American Boy," I felt like writing you the following:

As a rule I think the Anglo-Saxons, especially here in America, are more compassionate toward our dumb friends than the Latins or their descendants; yet a burning shame lies at the gateway of Christian America from Mexico.

I was in El Paso, just across the border, a few weeks ago, and walked through Juarez, the Mexican town. I saw many interesting, filthy, and disgusting things. I went through the prison where all kinds of prisoners are herded together

like sheep. The day before two political prisoners were stood up against the wall in sight of one hundred and fifty others, and shot to death at 5 A. M. and their bodies left all through the day bloating beneath the hot sun and covered with flies.

But the bull-fight—that is my subject. The Mexicans on both sides of the border are woefully poor. Two dollars, the admission price, is a living for a month. They cannot go to the bull-fights. Who, then, supports them? The Americans from all parts of the United States. Their excuse is, "Oh, well, I must see it once," but that once, together with its sometimes repetition, keeps up the most inhuman and diabolical form of sport in the world.

The bulls are fine, brave fellows, in good flesh and of wondrous power. The horses are poor, miserable, emaciated beasts that hardly have life or energy to get out of the way. The audience wants excitement, and excitement means blood. Whose blood?

My friend who was with me in my walk said he

was there one day when a horse was disemboweled. The entrails dragged in the dirt, so they tied a rope around him, dragged him outside, replaced the entrails, sewed him up, and rode him back into the ring for the bull to finish. Four bulls are killed every Sunday, and on all American holidays. The meat of the bull is not wasted, but the black stuff (being killed in the heat of anguish and frenzy, it is almost black), is sold in their open markets.

I was invited to go, but said, "No! My going would not only disgrace me, but help to perpetuate the fiendish business."

How can Americans, and especially Christian Americans, forget themselves so far as to make this one of the largest means of revenue in Mexico?

Yours respectfully,  
EDWARD ECCLESTON.

"There is many a war-horse that is more entitled to immortality than the man who rides him." GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

## NOT SO, SAY I

By SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF

Men say "The hunter's aim is true,"

When a bleeding, dying thing  
Falls quivering into the waters blue."He killed him on the wing  
And he'll bring down nine out of every ten—  
O, his aim is true!" So say these men.

Men say "The hunter's aim is fine,"

When a glorious creature falls  
And his beautiful eyes no more will shine  
At his mate's insistent calls.O, men say "Fine" is the hunter's aim  
When he deals sure death in the murder  
"game!"

Men say "The hunter's aim is good,"

When he stills the sweet, glad song  
That the wild bird trilled to the leafy wood—  
And I say his aim is wrong!How can men call such evil "good"?  
Is the word so little understood?

Can "true" be ever a cruel deed,

Or "good" an evil thing?

Is it "fine" to make a creature bleed,

To slay a helpless thing?  
Instead of boasting of their aim,  
Who kill, should bow their heads in shame!

## FEEDING FOXES TO PRESERVE BIRDS

By JOHN F. BRACKETT

FOR the past six summers, the clerk of courts of Barnstable county, Massachusetts, Alfred Crocker, has driven from his summer home in the delightful old village of Centerville to the Court House mornings and returned at night. The distance by the "Sand Road" is about seven miles and for the entire way there is not a habitation. It is an ideal rendezvous for foxes and ruffed grouse, bob-whites and meadow larks, in the neighborhood of far-famed "Shoal-Flying" hill and picturesque "Nine Mile Pond."

Mr. Crocker, being a great lover of all bird life, conceived the idea of feeding the foxes during the breeding season of the birds. He has made it a practice to take a bucket of "whitin" from the fish trap three times a week and to distribute them in lots of three or four, along cow-paths, wood roads and "blind" roads for the entire distance between the two villages. He found that as soon as the foxes learned of the food there were very few fish left upon his return in the morning and practically none on the second morning. As he drove along he would see fox after fox skulking in and out of the different feeding places, apparently waiting for their supper.

It is a well-known fact that the ground birds throw no scent during the period that they are rearing their young and the only way that the fox gets them at this period is by running onto them during their many weary miles of wandering in search of food. Whenever they do find them, they stay in this vicinity until they capture the whole brood.

Mr. Crocker's method of distributing the "whitin" through this natural breeding ground has reduced the hunting for food of the fox to the minimum. The increase, especially of the quail, has been very marked.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES

"Run upstairs, Tommy, and bring baby's nightgown," said Tommy's mother.

"Don't want to," said Tommy.

"Oh, Tommy, if you are not kind to your new little sister she'll put on her wings and fly back to heaven."

"Well, let her put on her wings and fly upstairs for her nightgown." —*Sacred Heart Review.*

The aeroplane is called the eyes of the army but the mule has the record for ears.

—*The Catholic Advance.*

## Fox-Hunting With A Camera

A fine new type of an ancient sport, requiring the keenest sportsmanship and offering the finest rewards

By WINTHROP PACKARD

HUNTING the fox is a national pastime in England where, indeed, it is a cruel sport. The fox is run down by overwhelming numbers of mounted men and dogs and torn to pieces by the dogs when caught. There is little chance for Reynard. His "earths" are blocked by the gamekeeper and beaters drive him from all hiding-places. In spite of all that the English fox often escapes, overmatching the odds against him by almost preternatural cunning.

American fox-hunting has, at least, the negative virtue that it is not so cruel as the English form. Here, the fox is chased by a few dogs which he can easily outrun and out-distance. The cruelty occurs when the dogs drive the fox within range of the gun of the huntsman who lies in ambush. Competent naturalists claim that so far as the dogs are concerned the fox looks upon it all as a game. He has a hundred schemes for outwitting his pursuers and he runs, as one might say, on the broad grin. Indeed, the American fox has learned so well how to live that he thrives in numbers in thickly settled communities, rarely seen by man. As many as ten in a season have been known to dwell in the Arnold Arboretum, within the city limits of Boston, and the Blue Hills Reservation, bordering the city of Quincy for miles and close by Boston, is a noted rendezvous of these elusive wild creatures. They have learned that the Reservation is sanctuary and they retreat to it to avoid danger. Civilized man has been good to the fox on the whole, for he has killed off his worst enemies—the wolf, the panther, and wild cat, leaving him only man himself to outwit. And that is easy. He hunts a good deal in the early morning and at twilight. Yet, he does not fear to go out in the full glow of day, slipping noiselessly along like a shadow. A favorite trick of his is to follow a man, shadow him—one might well say—but if the man turns the fox slips behind a bush and makes off, usually unseen. But the fox is a brainy animal and because he has brains he sometimes gets into "a brown study" and walks right into danger without realizing it. More than once I have met a fox strolling in meditation along a woodland path, his hands behind his back—so to speak—and had him pretty nearly bump me before he realized that I was there. At such a time it is amusing to see the expression of incredulity that comes over Reynard's mobile face. For a fraction of a second he cannot believe it possible that he has sauntered right up to a man. Then consternation holds him for another fraction of a second, followed by a swift summing up of the chances and a bound behind some object. The way he floats away into the distance after that is a marvel.

Such chance encounters are not common. One may walk among foxes for a whole summer season and not see one, and it would hardly seem possible that the sport of hunting with a camera could be successful with these clever strategists. One man, however, has done this. Howard S. Adams, photographer of animals, has succeeded in getting some wonderful pictures of these wary creatures and has found the sport far more exciting and adventurous than hunting with a gun. However shadowy and elusive the fox may be in the field there is one spot where Reynard is to be found daily—that is the burrow; in the spring and early summer when the family is large and hungry the burrow is a busy place. There may be six or eight half-grown youngsters there always hungry and the mother fox must hunt constantly, in the

full glare of day as well as in the twilight, to supply the need. It is by watching the "earth" and there matching his wit against that of the fox that Mr. Adams has met success. Great patience has been necessary and a woodcraft that takes into account all conditions. A fox can scent a man a long way off when the wind is right. He can hear his slightest movement at a surprising distance, but strangely enough he does not readily notice a motionless man. The huntsman first finds the "earth," studies the conditions of light and shade, the direction of the wind and the approaches most feasible for the fox. The animal has at least two entrances to his den as do most burrowing animals which further complicates the situation. The best stand being decided



Brother Fox can change his dream pose for one of marvelous alertness in a flash, so quickly that the quickest camera shutter can hardly catch it. The faintest unusual sound in the forest is enough to bring it about.

upon, the camera is set up and everything made ready. The photographer takes a position sitting or perhaps prone on the ground beneath it with the bulb in hand.

The wait may be long or but for a moment. Once the camera-armed huntsman had just reached a burrow with a friend and the two were talking of what might happen, when a fox came trotting right up, looked at them with curiosity as they stood motionless, then, not seeming to realize the situation, popped into the hole. There was ample time to set up the camera and focus it, but who would believe she would come out again? Yet, in just a moment she did, stood in splendid pose but a few feet away, sniffed, caught a taint of their presence and vanished, a red-gray streak down the wind.

At another time the camera had been care-

fully focussed on one burrow entrance and the photographer had lain for a long time beneath it cramped but watchful, without results. By and by, hearing a slight whine behind him he looked cautiously around. There stood the mother fox erect on the mound at the other entrance to her earth. About her were grouped all her youngsters, half a dozen of them begging for food; a picture in a thousand! With the utmost care the huntsman swings the camera to take in the scene, but some slight sound, or perhaps the white flash of his moving hand, betrayed him and with a short bark of warning the mother bounded away while the youngsters scurried down into the den.

Such incidents as those, however, merely add zest to the sport and make its final triumph all the more enjoyed. Fox-hunting with a camera is to be recommended as a fine substitute for other forms of the sport. It takes the highest type of sportsman to succeed at it, and its prizes are immeasurably greater than those obtained with gun and dogs.

#### HORSES IMPRISONED 15 YEARS

##### Indiana Court Deals with Atrocious Case of Animal Abuse

Found guilty and convicted of cruelty to animals, fined \$100 and additional costs aggregating \$163 20, and given a sentence of thirty days in the county jail, is the penalty of one Wilbur G. Moore of Tippecanoe county, Indiana. The case attracted wide attention and is perhaps one of the most startling of its kind in the history of the American court. The State of Indiana was prompt in prosecuting, but considering the horrid facts that were brought forth at the trial, the offender probably received a light sentence.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the prosecution says, Moore's father, while driving a beautiful team of spirited horses, owned by himself, had a runaway. After the frightened animals had run a considerable distance the driver was somehow thrown from the vehicle, receiving such a severe injury that he soon died.

From that day until this, the court avers, the plaintiff has kept these two poor mouse-colored horses in close confinement, having locked them up in a barn night and day for the remainder of their lives. It is further stated that they had only scanty food and water supply and poor bedding the entire time of their imprisonment.

Recently one of the animals died, when the authorities investigated the case. The remaining horse was immediately released and given the best of attention. Could it but talk, what a tale it could tell of the most harrowing cruelty ever imposed upon a dumb beast!

#### ELBERFELD HORSES NOT IN WAR

We are pleased to be advised, through a German correspondent, that the famous Elberfeld horses, which were reported to have been sent to the front and killed, were not taken for the war, but are still performing their wonderful tricks.

#### NATIONAL HORSE DAY

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will join in the general observance of National Horse Day, as it has for the last two years. The date set for 1915 is Monday, June 7. For horse owners who care to use them, we have attractive celluloid buttons, in colors, showing picture of a horse's head and a girl. These are sold at one cent each, or 60 cents per 100 in quantities. We have also special tags, printed in blue ink, with horse's head in center, and reading, "National Horse Day—When He is King—S. P. C. A." These are one half cent each, or 20 cents per 100 in quantities.

## "Billy," Burro by JENNIE LEE HODGES

**H**E occupies a very unpretentious little stall, one among dozens of companion burros in a beautiful park a short distance from South Cheyenne Canyon and the famous Seven Falls of Colorado.

Billy, however, is not impressed with the grandeur of his surroundings. The mere mention of Rocky Mountain scenery, in fact, bores him. Whenever he hears it enthusiastically discussed (which, he has learned to observe, is mostly by tourists) Billy's head droops wearily and his long ears lop. Then, if the subject continues under discussion (without an intermission, during which he is fed popcorn and certain kinds of favorite candy) he drops limply to the support of merely three of his stubby little legs, his whole demeanor eloquent of burro boredom.

Not until his owner unfastens the chain, which links him to his stall, and leads him away, does Billy manifest interest in the Rocky Mountains or anything pertaining thereto. Then, however, he is wholly alive to the cares, responsibili-

remain in a condition for more, aroused within me a keen and profound sense of awe, and inspired a new respect.

Then, in due course, Billy and I became fast friends. My interest increased and my visits to him multiplied until there seemed never to have been a beginning, and I felt quite sure there never could be an end. On every possible occasion I fed him all sorts of dainties—excluding wrapping-paper—and our friendship was without a blemish. In the daintiest fashion, he would nibble popcorn from my hand; then, when a moment's sniffing would convince him that there was no more, he would poke his tousled, shaggy, mouse-colored little head beneath my arm and rest it there in perfect contentment.

But, alas, poor Billy! How frail must be his burro faith in mere human nature! For as the season advanced and the wild-flowers opened, it proved that I, too, was just another tourist—one of those curious and unreasonable individuals with an absurd and most lamentable propensity



"BILLY," THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN BURRO

ties and vexations of his Rocky Mountain existence. He observes the enthusiastic and expectant tourist, and only too well does he know what is in prospect.

For tourists, it must be admitted, are the bane of Billy's existence. Were it not for them, he would be left more or less upon good old level terra firma, his heart at peace, and his legs at rest, in the comfortable little stall.

Since he was four years old, during the tourist season, Billy has, however, been almost constantly pressed into the service of mountain climbing; and now, at the ripe age of ten, it is no unusual thing for him to make a jaunt of thirty-five miles a day over the foothills, and even into the heart of the Rockies.

My interest, not to put it, my delight, was awakened in Billy when I first observed him nip the end of a paper parcel which a man was holding, tear off a long strip, munch it into the desired state of mastication, then, after swallowing it, reach out his impudent little teeth for more. A digestive apparatus which could, with apparent ease, handle a quantity of wrapping paper and

to seek shady canyons, scour the foothills, and even pursue greater, and still greater, altitudes, in the rugged old mountains!

Only (although I believe that Billy never appreciated it) in my case there *was* a difference. For the truth is that my delight in the prospect of a mountain climb was enhanced by my delight in Billy. I fairly tingled, in fact, to mount his shaggy, broad little back and enjoy a long companionable day with him far away among the foothills, or, possibly, on the top of a real mountain. It seemed such a loss of opportunity to confine our relations to one little park, when there was the whole glorious range of gigantic Rockies!

#### NO RIGHT TO WHIP HORSES

No man, because he owns a horse, which he has purchased with his money, has any more right to whip or beat the animal and urge him to excessive speed or labor than I have to stand over that same man with whip in hand, if I have purchased his day's labor with my money, and make unreasonable demands upon his physical capacity.—D. C. H. in *Breeder's Gazette*, Chicago.



# Ghazala, the Arab

By COL. SPENCER BORDEN



**A**MONG the animals to be shown at the Fall River Horse Show on June 10, is one that should attract attention. Reference is made to the white Arabian mare Ghazala.

Besides being one of the last representatives of the famous Arabian stud gathered by Abbas Pasha, former Khedive of Egypt, Ghazala is in herself a remarkable animal, of a famous family. As is well known, Abbas Pasha probably had the greatest stud of Arab horses ever owned by one man, since the time of Solomon, son of David, who, the Bible tells us, had 40,000 stalls for his horses.

Abbas was brought up, as a child, by the Sheikh of Mecca; and while a youth got his love for horses, also his knowledge of what were the most desirable strains of pure bred Arabs, and where to find them. When he came to the throne in Egypt, he gave rein to his passion, and procured the best, no matter what the expense or labor. One mare that he got from Nejd—in the heart of Arabia—was too old to travel, so he had her brought 1500 miles in an ox cart. It is believed that mare is the maternal ancestor of Ghazala, who was born in the desert back of Cairo, nineteen years ago, bred by Ali Pasha Sherif, nephew of Abbas.

The sire of Ghazala was Ibn Sherara, son of Sotamm and Sherara, one of Abbas' choicest Seglawi Jedran stallions, of the strain of Ibn Sudan of the Roala tribe of Bedouins.

The dam of Ghazala, also a Seglawi Jedran, was Bint Helwa, known the world over as the famous "Broken-Legged Mare." A visitor to Crabbet Arabian Stud in England, in 1905, noticed that first one, then another, particularly attractive animal, was pointed out as akin to the "Broken-Legged Mare." Finally he asked, "What is the Broken-Legged Mare, and where is she?"

"You shall see," answered Lady Anne Blunt. This most interesting woman, now more than seventy years of age, is grand-daughter of Lord Byron, has traveled extensively in the East, made two trips to the heart of Arabia, one of them to Nejd—never visited by more than a half dozen white people. She speaks and reads Arabic like a native, has two studs of Arabian horses, one in England, one in Egypt, and is recognized as the foremost authority on the subject in the world.

She led the way to a large box-stall, standing by itself, of which Bint Helwa was the sole occupant. Here was a *broken-legged mare*, sure enough. Were it not for her injury, nothing could be more beautiful, pure white, with a head such as Schreyer would have sought as a model. Her exact counterpart can be seen in the picture of her daughter Ghazala, printed herewith. But her off fore leg! This had been broken between the knee and shoulder, and the bone so shattered it had never knit. The leg hung loosely, the toe just touching the floor of the stable. Her shoulder also was broken, and the gentle creature stood always on three legs, the fourth could support no weight. When she would move about, the mare reared a bit, hopped around with the good front leg, the poor useless foot dragging. The exclamation came unbidden, "For Heaven's sake! How long has that mare been in that condition?" The owner answered, "For eight years!"

She then told the story of the accident. Bint Helwa had been brought to England from the Egyptian stud with two other mares, and the three turned at pasture together. At nightfall

the other mares returned to the stables, Bint Helwa was missing. Search for her being made, she was found standing in the road outside Crabbet Park, which is up a long hill, beside which road was a ditch. She had jumped the fence about the pasture, landed in the ditch where her leg and shoulder were broken, the other mares apparently had followed, jumped on her, and broken two ribs. She had gotten out of the ditch herself, come part way to her home, and there was found, and helped into the hovel where the visitor saw her eight years later.

The accident happened June 13. She was put in slings where she remained for nine months, when the supports were gradually removed, an attendant remaining with her day and night the entire time. April 18, following, her foal was born, and she had produced seven other foals since her accident, when seen by the American visitor. She was then nineteen years old.



THE ARABIAN MARE, GHAZALA

This story of the soundness and endurance in the mare seen at Crabbet Park, would lead one to believe the many other tales of animals of this breed. The experiences of her daughter Ghazala in coming to America, and her trial of 1914, are proof that she inherits the enduring qualities of her dam.

Ghazala was foaled at the Sheykh Obeid stud of Lady Anne Blunt, at Ad Shems, back of Cairo, Egypt, nineteen years ago. She is therefore just the age of Bint Helwa when seen in England. In 1909 she was bought to come to America, delivery to be at the boundary of the Ad Shems estate. She had never seen a railway train; yet she was taken by Cook and Son in a car to Alexandria, then sent by sea to Liverpool. Eighteen days, from September 16 to October 3, she sailed through stormy seas. At Liverpool she rested two days, then sailed for Boston. The voyage was one of the worst the ship ever encountered, and it took nine days for that crossing, twenty-four hours more than usual. Ghazala was thrown on her head against the solid woodwork of the vessel, raising a bunch from which a pint of bruised blood and pus was removed, the skin dragged from her head by the halter, her legs strained and skinned. Reaching Boston she had to be taken to the veterinary hospital in an ambulance. There her injuries were treated, and in ten days she walked over the road to Fall River, her

## "TAWNY TOM"

By JAKE H. HARRISON

In and out, and up and down,  
All about the muddy town,  
Tawny Tom is bound to go,  
Hot or cold, in rain or snow;  
But you never hear him cry,  
Scarcely ever hear him sigh,  
Always ready, working free,  
Serving you and serving me.

Yet we never pat his head  
Though he daily brings us bread;  
Patiently he goes his way  
Through the town day after day,  
Always gentle, always kind,  
Working with a willing mind;  
Still he only gets as pay  
Just a little oats and hay.

Men who think they have a soul,  
Claiming heaven as their goal,  
Tawny Tom could teach a heap,  
And the lessons would be cheap;  
He could teach them patient toil,  
Free from envy, strife and moil,  
And that sterling worth will grace  
The most ordinary place.

## The Bobolink *by THERESA MacCONNELL*

Who does not love to hear that name,  
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link," and the accompanying  
notes, "Spink, spank, spink," followed by the  
joyous, "Chee, chee, chee"?

"Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name."

During the coldest winter months of the North, the bobolink is feasting and singing in South America. In the early spring, on his way North, he may stop awhile in the warm West Indian Islands. Here he lives on worms, insects, and seeds, until he grows so fat that he is called the butter-bird.

About the first of April, the butter-bird finds it too warm in the West Indies, and flies to Georgia and South Carolina. He spends his time in the rice fields. The planters regard him as a great nuisance because he eats the rice in such quantities, and they call him the rice-bird.

But they are not long annoyed by him, for by the middle of May, the rice-bird has left our Southern States, and appears in Virginia and Pennsylvania. He feeds largely on insects and caterpillars, but his taste for seeds continues, and he devours young wheat and barley. He is fond of perching on the tip of a grain or weed stalk, and so gains the name of reed-bird.

In early June, the reed-birds migrate in large flocks to New York and New England. Now, his song gives him his name, bobolink. This song is a sweet repetition of his name, together with a pouring forth of many rippling notes, in such a confusing, jingling melody of sound, that one fancies he is listening to half a dozen birds, singing all at once.

The first summer plumage of the bobolink is mostly black, variegated with white on his back and shoulders, and a dull yellow patch on the back of his head.

"Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings."

The bobolinks build their nest of grasses amid the meadow grass. They choose a hollow on the ground, and build in seeming haste. In this nest, the little Quaker wife lays from four to six eggs. They are white, heavily flecked and clouded with purplish brown.

When the baby birds emerge from the shell, Robert ends his merry song. He has to spend his time gathering food to satisfy the gaping mouths of his hungry brood. He lays aside his gay plumes and dons a suit of work clothes, marked with indistinct shades of brown. Now, he looks more like his wife, and is very much subdued.

In August, when the young birds have learned to fly, the whole family sometimes takes a trip into Canada. During the first cool days of September, the bobolinks gather in large flocks and start for their winter home. They fly steadily, and before the cold can overtake them, they are singing again in the sunny tropic lands.

### JUST WEEDS

It should be scarcely necessary to comment upon the loss which annually occurs through the agency of weeds on the farm, but that it is great we can well believe. Last year saw approximately sixty thousand tons of weed seeds cleaned out of our grain at the head of the Great Lakes. How much more was cleaned out at local mills and elevators, or left on the farms to renew next year's weed crop, could scarcely be estimated.

—Exchange.

But for many species of birds that feed freely upon the seeds of noxious weeds no one knows how many more tons of such seeds would annually be harvested with our crops. F.H.R.



## Curious Resemblances *by FELIX J. KOCH*

One of these birdlets you'll know at once,—it's a little pigeon, alias the squab of commerce. The other is a young eagle, just about out the egg. Which is which? Naturally, you are puzzled. Even Col. Sol. Stephen, the well-known student of wild life, who has charge of the big Zoo at Cincinnati, was puzzled when the picture was put before him to tell.

As matter of fact, the bird on the left is the squab. The other you can be excused for not knowing, for comparatively few of us ever get a chance to see a real baby eaglet, even in

captivity. The eagle, it needs be recalled, usually builds her nest out on the rocks of the most inaccessible peaks, never on trees or similar places, where one might even half-way approach it. The nest is wide and flat and made rudely of sticks and brambles, without lining.

Two or three eggs, of a dirty-white with reddish blotches, are laid and these, in due course, hatch out the little creature shown in the picture, so much like the humble squab of the barnyard, that even Col. Stephen is forced to admit that "almost all baby-birds look alike to me!"

### THE MOCKING-BIRD

By R. FRANCES COWAN

Sing, little bird, at break of day,  
Thy sweet love notes, thy happy lay,  
To my hand, my table, steal;  
I'll share with you my morning meal;

On the line above my head,  
Now hopping o'er the violet bed,  
Now where the busy honey-bee  
The nectar sips from flower and tree.

Sing, little bird, the sunbeams rest  
Like jewels on thy tufted breast,  
Thy glossy plume, thy glancing eye;  
Thy music to the summer sky.

Sing, thou pretty winsome thing,  
Bright of eye and fleet of wing;  
Fain would I listen all day long  
To thy sweet notes, thy happy song.

### BIRD SENTINELS

The sensitiveness of certain birds to sound waves or to vibration has often been noted. Reports from many places in England indicated that the pheasants were greatly agitated several hours before the bombardment by Zeppelins took place and that they shrieked almost incessantly until the terrifying invaders had departed. There have been numerous instances when heavy gun-firing or explosions at a distance and slight, far-off earth tremors, too faint for any human sense to detect, have been announced by the crowing of cocks, but it appears that the pheasant is one of the keenest of the bird sentinels, giving loud and continuous warning of the approach of anything unusual. It is said that the parrots in the trenches, or on the Eiffel Tower, can report the sound of the Gnome engine in the air twenty minutes before the aeroplane is visible, so these birds are kept to foretell the coming of the swift air-men.

Perhaps it is not strange that the birds, with which above all other creatures we have come to associate the idea of peace and tranquility, should be so disturbed by the sound or the vibration made by war's engines. Even the hunter knows that from the covert where birds have been allowed to become numerous there arises at the first shot fired a mournful, universal protestation.

### UNIQUE BIRD-BOX EXHIBIT

The Civic Club of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, held a bird-box exhibit in the high school which crystallized the bird sentiment of the town. It gathered up the energy of the children in a great effort for conservation of bird life. Boxes and houses to the number of 256, of all colors, shapes and sizes, besides a row of interesting nesting-places made of gourds fifty years old, comprised the exhibition. One man over eighty entered some boxes, while the tiniest of tiny colored girls bore off one of the prizes with a wren-house made by herself. The prizes were beautiful bird-houses and books, awarded by competent judges. Kindly criticism of the children's work was followed by painstaking instructions as to how it could be improved. They learned with critical and appraising looks fixed on their own work, that birds do not love garish colors, or too ornate houses; that they are attracted by quiet tints, unostentatious homes; that certain species prefer an entrance placed high, others low, etc.; that they are as varied in their tastes and habits as human beings and more insistent upon having the home that exactly suits them.

A. B. Hess, district superintendent of schools in Chambersburg, is a champion of humane education. He has recently delivered three lectures on the subject, has active Bands of Mercy in each school building, and has addressed Parent-Teacher Associations in each school building.



## THE PILOT

By HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER

I list his harsh, discordant voice  
Come rasping through the night.  
'Tis the sky pilot's glad rejoice  
Along the homeward flight.

Swift to the summer home again  
He leads his shad'wy fleet,  
Unerring over mount' and plain  
Back to the old retreat.

Up from the East the mad'ning gale  
Comes with its sweeping roar  
To follow close upon the trail  
The pilot leads before.

It buffets, but it cannot stem  
The midnight fleet that flies  
Whilst the gray pilot sends to them  
His call adown the skies.

"Honk honk!" The old gray pilot's voice  
To them is music sweet.  
They breast the gale with glad rejoice—  
And reach the old retreat.

## LEARNING THE LESSON

The campaign for bird preservation is being carried forward today with more vigor than ever before in the history of this particular work.

Why is this?

Because the result of our criminal carelessness in the slaughter of our birds grows more appallingly apparent each year. Had we forbidden destruction in the first place we would have been saved the terrible trials and expense of our present fight for forest preservation, but it seems as if we cannot learn our lesson of conserving without first undoing. As if we could not let the structure remain as He made it. We must first pull down and then with our own hands attempt to reconstruct as best we may what He had already so well built.

We laugh when it is suggested that our sons should not be given rifles and guns, yet we weep at the destruction of our foliage and are horrified at the expenses we are called upon to meet for its preservation.

"Oh, no boy shoots birds," said a young man recently when it was suggested to him that a proposed outlay of several thousand dollars for shade-trees in his city would be useless unless the boys in the community were taught to protect the birds. Then the young man stopped a minute, eyes looking into space, some vision of past childhood evidently rising before him, for he suddenly turned to the assembled group and, smiling with the charming smile that always accompanies that confession which is good for the soul, said: "Yes, I expect they do. When I was a kid my greatest joy was an air rifle, and I killed every bird I could see. And I was no worse than the average boy, and much better brought up than many."

This young man is, today, the chairman of a newly-organized committee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose special work will be the humane education of the young people of its community, an education which covers, among its many fields, the necessity for bird protection. L.H.G.

## REAL COW'S MILK

Wayne MacVeagh, the lawyer and diplomat, has on the outskirts of Philadelphia an admirable stock farm. One day last summer some poor children were permitted to go over his farm, and when their inspection was done, to each of them was given a glass of milk.

The milk was excellent. It came, in fact, from a two-thousand-dollar cow.

"Well, boys, how do you like it?" the farmer said, when they had drained their glasses.

"Gee! Fine!" said one little fellow. Then, after a pause, he added: "I wisht our milkman kep' a cow."—Baltimore Sun.



WILD GEESE, PEACE RIVER, ALBERTA

## HAUNTS OF THE WILD GEESE

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

THIS picture of wild geese, Canadian honker variety, feeding and resting upon the banks of the Peace River, Northern Alberta, before continuing their flight to the shores of the Arctic where they rest and rear their young during the short summer of this wilderness region, was taken some six hundred miles from civilization. The photographer, locating a feeding ground where the birds stopped for a short period in their flight northward, set up his camera in the shallows of the river. He then marked out the amount of ground the view finder showed the camera to cover, setting two upright stakes at the two points where the camera's scope ended. A long string attached to the shutter was then stretched back several hundred feet to the nearest available hiding-place.

Nearly twenty-four hours elapsed before a flock alighted. Hearing them the photographer, who had been alertly waiting at his camp near by, crept to the hiding-place where the cord lay ready to pull. But, though the birds were feeding, they had alighted a little below the spot the camera covered. The man waited patiently, his eyes on the little patch of ground set off by the two sticks, and presently was rewarded when the old lookout and a few stragglers came within the allotted space.

The wild geese each Spring migrate from the waters of the Southern States to the shores of the Arctic in Northern Canada. The two great common varieties of the bird are the honker and the wavy, or white goose. Both of these are extensively hunted. Covering as they do about five thousand miles in their annual migration the birds rest at various places en route and are thus shot by sportsmen almost across the length of the continent. The birds have a peculiar trait of always leaving one of their number on lookout while the rest feed. In the accompanying picture the old gander on the extreme right is seen on guard.

To aid in the shooting of wild geese, live wild ones, captured young and raised in captivity, are often placed in feeding grounds in likely territory on the line of flight of the migrating flocks. These decoys are terrible traitors and by their calling often bring the flying ones within shooting distance of the sportsmen who lie hidden in pits near at hand. Painted decoys of steel, shaped like a goose, are also used by hunters. In the latter case the men, from their hiding-place in the pits, call the birds by using a goose call, a metal instrument like a flute which mimics the sound of the goose with remarkable realism.

## GERMANS CARE FOR SEA-GULLS

Although foodstuffs are not scarce in Germany, they are controlled by the government at present. Each family is supplied with certain weekly rations. The German "potato-bread" spirit assists the government to handle the food economically. These rations do not allow waste of any part of the food. On account of the lack of a surplus of food to the individual, it is interesting to learn how the "German Barbarians" even provide for the sea-gulls which live during the winter season near inland waters. The following translation is from the *Neue Hamburger Zeitung* of Germany:

"On account of the small number of incoming and outgoing ships this year, our sea-gulls have to suffer for lack of food. They are in want. Every warm-blooded animal suffers terribly through starvation on account of pains in the head and stomach, frost, fever, general loss of strength and sleep.

"Nobody should be as selfish as to justify the starvation of our animals during this war.

"Let all of us save for them a little of our rations and abstain from feasts, etc.

"The sea-gulls are contented with little food. Every housewife can help here. Let us collect those parts of our food, which for us we consider not wholesome. Do not put these in the garbage can. Warn the servants not to throw any food rests away. Ham-, bread-, meat-crusts, gristle, sinews, small fish heads, waste of cabbage and potatoes, etc., should be cut in small pieces, so that our sea-gulls and other birds can swallow them easily.

"No housewife at her daily walk along our water fronts should forget to help our sea-gulls.

"BE KIND TO GOD'S CREATURES OF WHICH YOU ARE ONE."

## UTILIZING A DOG'S BARK

We have heard of doggy motion picture actors and canines who are affected when they attend the movies, but I would like to introduce our dumb friend in a new capacity. Pete is a dog owned by a manager of a motion picture theater out in Oklahoma. At this show, as in many others throughout the country, effects are employed to add to the realism of a picture. In some cases these effects are produced by the orchestra, but in others they are done by a boy behind the screen who uses different devices. Well, at the theater in question, when a dog barks in a photo-play, Pete from his seat in the pit, at a signal from the manager, barks as only a dog can, beating all the artificial methods employed for other kinds of noises.

ERNEST A. DENCH.

## Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, June, 1915

**FOR TERMS** see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

**AGENTS** to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

**EDITORS** of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston.

### NOTICE

Exchanges and all others, please note that our mail address is simply Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The offices are in the new Angell Memorial Animal Hospital Building at 180 Longwood Avenue.

### RACE PREJUDICE

This magazine has stood, from the day of its inception, for justice and fair play. It has by no means confined its interest to animals. Men, women, children, the victims of greed, oppression, injustice, prejudice, have found on its pages an outspoken championship. It has asked of no man the color of his skin, nor of any man the shibboleth of his sect. It has never been able to understand how anything but a man's inner spirit could be the measure of his manhood, or anything but the fruit of his creed the test of his religion.

It would therefore be untrue to itself if it failed to denounce the attempt that has been made here in Boston to humiliate and vilify the colored American citizen. This is what the photo-play known as "The Birth of a Nation" does. Not only does it falsify history to suit its own purpose, representing the Ku Klux Klan as a body of chivalrous knights, bearing the cross as their holy standard, like the crusaders of old; not only does it falsify the character of the Negro of war times and imply that he is still unfit for citizenship in an enlightened republic, and present him in guises that excite hostility against him, but it appears to have been most skilfully and deliberately planned to arouse and widen in the North that prejudice against the Negro that has characterized the worst elements of the South. It holds up for hissing and hate a mulatto on the ground that he wants to marry a white girl, but sweeps the audience on without time for anyone to remember that that very mulatto face is the undeniable witness to the fact that some white man outraged his colored mother.

At a day when all Europe is a battle-field where race prejudice is reaping the whirlwind of its own sowing, and when we all must realize how easily that spirit may be kindled here, to permit the continuance of this exhibition in Boston, the home of Garrison and Phillips and Sumner, is a reproach to our city.

It is devoutly hoped that the attempt now being made to stop it by some legislative act will have been successful ere these words are read. We are perfectly sure that no other race of our citizens would ever have endured the insults, the wrongs, the lynchings, the robberies of rights guaranteed under the constitution without seeking by some other than legal methods those rights the appeal to law has seemed impotent to secure. F.H.R.

National Horse Day will be observed Monday, June 7. See particulars on page 4.

### WISDOM FROM HONOLULU

The following paragraphs from the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, of Honolulu, under date of January 25, 1915, are so true, as we can see the truth, that we want all our readers to see them:

#### War Talk Breeds War

No people will ever be assured of peace if it thinks war and talks war and is continually told that war is inevitable, says the *Milwaukee Journal*.

If any one thing lies at the bottom of the general war in Europe, it is the conviction expressed again and again, until it came to be thought a truism, that a general war was at some time inevitable. Very properly, therefore, the *New York Journal of Commerce* censures Congressman Mann for taking occasion, in opposing a measure promising ultimate independence to the Philippines, to insist that war between the United States and Japan is inevitable.

Mann is wrong. The interests of neither Japan nor the United States would be benefited by war. Nor is there any ground for asserting that Japan has cast covetous eyes on the Philippines.

But the main point is that in such assertions lie the foundations of distrust and hatred. No structure of peace, nor even of commercial advantage can be raised on hatred. "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." F.H.R.

### CRUELITIES OF CATTLE TRAFFIC

The whole business of raising and marketing cattle with men who have no interest at heart but the financial one, is fraught with cruelty. Witness the following question and answer taken from an exchange:

"I have an 18-month-old heifer whose horns are inclined to grow straight up. What size weights should be used to put on them and where can they be obtained?"

Reply.—"Our correspondent should have weights that will weigh 2 to 3 pounds each. At any hardware store he can obtain some lead pipe and make the weights, or he can take a tin can, such as a salmon or small paint can, set a wooden plug the size of the heifer's horn in the center of the can, and pour melted lead or rabbit metal around the plug. After the metal cools, remove the plug and he will have a good weight."

Imagine the experience this young heifer is passing through.

Again: In spite of the simple and practically painless process by which the growth of the horns can be prevented by the use of a little caustic potash before the calf is two weeks old, hundreds of cattle men let the horns grow and then resort to the torture of dehorning. We dare not quote the story of how they dehorn as told in this same exchange by several dairymen. It is too gruesome for our readers. How different the reply of the farmer quoted below to the question as to how to stop bleeding after dehorning:

"I have come to a more humane way of taking off the horns. We use the best polled sires we can find of our breed, and by saving all the best polled females we have only a few to dehorn each year. While it is true that good sires of the new breeds of polled cattle are scarce, there are some with several crosses of polled blood that are as good as can be found. I am speaking of Polled Durhams, Herefords, Holsteins and Jerseys. Where a suitable sire can be found of the desired breed, that is, of a polled breed, he affords the most humane way of dehorning."—W. H. MILLER, Buchanan Co., Ia.

The wretched, brutal method of dehorning by saws and clippers should be prohibited by law as it is in several European countries. F.H.R.

### COOKING THE LOBSTER

The greatest living authority on fish told us a few years ago that the lobster was of so low a nervous organism that he doubted its capacity for a great deal of suffering. Humane people, however, will always seek to guard against the possibility of causing pain, and for that reason we publish the following:

The New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals asked Mr. Joseph Sinel, late of the New Jersey Marine Biological Laboratory, to test the matter by a series of experiments. The result showed, according to Mr. Sinel, that lobsters placed in cold water, gradually brought to a boiling point, exhibited no signs of discomfort. When the water reached seventy degrees, they became comatose, and they died at about eighty degrees. On the contrary, lobsters placed in boiling water made violent efforts to escape, and did not die for about two minutes.

Mr. Sinel compares the death of a lobster by gradual boiling, to that of a person succumbing to a "heat wave"; it suffers a gradual loss of consciousness and a painless end.

The broiled "live lobster" comes to his end, we feel confident, without suffering. The large knife, at one blow, splits it through brain and body, and must destroy instantly all consciousness. The broiling is never done until after the brain is destroyed. F.H.R.

### AN APPRECIATED HONOR

The Toledo Newsboys' Association, of Toledo, Ohio, has formed a Wild Bird Protective Association as an auxiliary to its regular organization. Its letter, informing us of election to membership in this new Association, reads, in part, as follows:

One of the great destructive forces we have discovered is the bad boy. To get at this we have organized a Protective Association as an auxiliary to the Toledo Newsboys' Association, and membership cards will be issued immediately to the members of this organization and delivered or mailed to them—a thousand or more. And we hope to stop the robbing of nests; killing of the birds. The Toledo Newsboys' Association must be leaders, not followers.

Yours very truly,

JOHN E. GUNCKEL,

President.

We have congratulated these fine young lads upon their splendid endeavor and have sent them some of our literature to help them in their work. F.H.R.

### A REMINISCENCE

A Boston paper recently commenting upon the celebration of the founding of the long established house of the Silas Peirce Co., says:

When George T. Angell, the friend of dumb animals, was speaking against the purchase of the Hawaiian Islands, he said: "Many years ago I had occasion to swear Silas Peirce, the Boston merchant, in regard to his ownership of Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railroad stock. Mr. Peirce was straightforward and outspoken. I said, 'Do you solemnly swear that you own so many shares of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railroad stock, so help you God?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Peirce, 'and I do also solemnly swear that I wish I didn't.' If," continued Mr. Angell, "the Sandwich Islands are annexed to the United States it will not be later than the next presidential election before those who voted for annexation will feel about it as Silas Peirce did in regard to his Ogdensburg stock." F.H.R.

### THE LYNN NEWSPAPERS

We must thank the newspapers of Lynn, the *Telegram*, the *News*, and the *Item*, for their full and excellent reports of the address delivered by us before the Women's Clubs of Lynn last month. Such reports multiply one's audiences many fold. F.H.R.





Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital  
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;

EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;

S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treas.;

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FRANK J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S., } Veterinarians.  
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., }

**Notice:**—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue.

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined .....	3,365
Peddlers' horses examined .....	196
Number of prosecutions .....	20
Number of convictions .....	20
Horses taken from work .....	150
Horses humanely destroyed .....	139

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined .....	15,061
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed .....	125

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2500 (additional) from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble of Mansfield, \$2411 from Franklin P. Hyde of Boston, \$1027.56 from Mrs. V. C. Lord of Springfield, \$950 from the Ashton estate, \$1000 from Charles A. Boynton of Everett, \$500 from Mrs. Susan H. Leeds of Boston and \$5 from Miss Sarah E. Langill of Mansfield. It also acknowledges gifts of \$200 from Mrs. M. B. C., \$102 from N. T. K., \$100 from Mrs. M. K. B., and \$20 each from A. E. and E. M. B., and, for the Angell Memorial Building, \$20 each from B. P. D. and E. A. U.; and interest, \$84.41. The Society has been remembered in the wills of Orlando H. Davenport, Miss Helen Collamore, Henry H. Butler and Mrs. Ida M. Mayers, all of Boston; Mrs. Martha E. S. Curtis of Burlington, Mrs. Ellen M. Derby of Springfield, and Miss Jane M. Lamb of Greenfield.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$2141.70 from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble, \$123.24 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$75.46 from Mrs. M. L. Hall, \$69.16 from Dr. Willard A. Paul, and \$40.36 from the Rhode Island Humane Education Society; and \$125.31, interest.

May 18, 1915.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M. D. C., V. S.,

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V. M. D.,

Assistant Chief Veterinarian

D. L. BOLGER, D. V. S.

C. A. BOUTELLE, D. V. S.

T. B. McDONALD, D. V. S.

Visiting

Veterinarians

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### Small Pet Boarding Department

Address Miss Marion P. Frost. Special telephone, Brookline 348.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR APRIL

Cases entered .....	120
Dogs .....	58
Cats .....	25
Horses .....	35
Birds .....	1
Unclassified .....	1
Operations .....	77

#### Free Dispensary

Cases .....	296
Dogs .....	160
Cats .....	103
Horses .....	27
Birds .....	5
Unclassified .....	1
Hospital cases since opening, March 1 .....	245
Free Dispensary cases .....	522
Total .....	767

#### OUR GIFT SHOP

Some of our good lady friends are planning a Gift Shop for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, to be opened next winter near the holiday season. Between now and then they desire to receive from all who are willing to aid, such articles as may, at that time, be placed on sale. They say that practically everything except what is perishable will be heartily welcomed and acknowledged. All kinds of embroidery articles, knitted and crocheted work, aprons for all occasions, things for baby wear, books, pictures, pottery, china, bric-a-brac, things for young and old, big and little, things for animals will form an important feature, such as blankets, baskets, dog collars, leashes, bird boxes, balls, etc.

Here is an opportunity for all our friends, for Bands of Mercy, for grown people and children to aid our Hospital. Nearly everyone can make and solicit something and so add to the success of our Holiday Gift Shop. The time to begin is right off. Please send all articles, plainly marked as follows: "Gift Shop," Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. Each gift will be acknowledged. One friend has agreed to take entire charge of all these articles, see to their proper care and preservation until needed, and this she does gladly and gratuitously.

#### BASEBALL FANS TO SEE SLOGAN

As we go to press it is too early in the month to give much of a report of the activity of the members of the committee on "Be Kind to Animals Week" and Humane Sunday, in Massachusetts. In Worcester, Mrs. Charles F. Darling has planned a general celebration of the week, and has been fortunate in arranging with the management of the local baseball grounds to give space to the value of \$50 for an immense sign, "Be Kind to Animals," to be displayed on the fence throughout the season.



#### HEREBY HANGS A TALE

This is a picture of an interesting kitten and its mother sent home from our Hospital in the best of health. The kitten was born as great Caesar was. His mother had an odd stubby tail and he followed her example. Next month we shall show the picture of a French bulldog and her puppies, the latter also owing their lives to the Caesarian operation. Both the mother and her offspring are well and ready to be dismissed from the Hospital.

#### FROM FAR HONOLULU

The following letter, which we were very happy to receive, illustrates the wide extent of our humane work:

"I am very interested in the work for animals because I read in *The Congregationalist* about its works. I am a little half Hawaiian girl. I live way out in the Pacific ocean on a little Island. Hawaiians and many other nationalities live on it. Many white people live there too. I know I am very far away, but there is one thing I can do to help in the S. P. C. A. It is to prevent all animals from cruel stones that little boys and girls throw. There is a verse on the wall in my school room:

I will try to be kind to 'all  
living creatures, and try to  
protect them from cruel usage.

"Please may I have some circulars that I may learn more, so that some day I might become a nurse and work there. And I will try a little harder in my Physiology so that I can be one of your nurses by and by."

From ELMIRA PEARSON,  
Kawaiahao Seminary,  
Manoa Valley, Honolulu.

#### PRACTICAL SYMPATHY

A generous contributor to our work sends the following appeal, with the request that it be published in *Our Dumb Animals*:

Sympathy is a noble, commendable attribute. It does a great amount of good in this world, and while it can't be bought, neither can it buy anything. If you are a friend of animal life, show practical sympathy by making donations as often and as large as possible to the humane societies that may appeal to you. You may treat your own animals humanely, but there are thousands which are not well treated. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals cannot exist without funds. Don't think you are doing your full duty, if you have means to make donations, by providing for your own pets and not trying to make easier the lot of those unfortunate animals which are in the hands of less worthy masters. The more you give the BETTER YOU WILL FEEL. DO IT NOW!!!

#### GENEROUS GIFTS

We gratefully acknowledge two generous gifts in money from friends of the Society, one for providing screens for the windows of our administration building, and the other for grading and seeding the grass plots in front of the building.



## American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.  
P. O. Address, Fenway Station.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;  
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treasurer;  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

### Trustees of Permanent Funds

Alfred Bowditch Laurence Minot  
Thomas Nelson Perkins

### Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chili
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Edward C. Butler	Mexico
Jerome Perinet	Switzerland
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho  
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio

### ONE OF OUR LECTURERS

From a Waco, Texas, paper we take a few sentences relative to the Rev. Richard Carroll, one of the lecturers of the American Humane Education Society in the South:

Richard Carroll is one of the most noted evangelists and speakers of his race. He has consecrated his life to spreading the doctrines of the Humane Society among his race, and has met with remarkable success. A letter received by the Humane Society here from the secretary of the Dallas organization, said that no speaker, white or black, had accomplished more in that city than Mr. Carroll.

Announcements of the lecture have been sent to all Negro public schools of the city, and to the Negro colleges, and teachers will use their influence to get every Negro child to hear Dr. Carroll.

In spite of the rain yesterday afternoon Dr. Carroll addressed a crowd of members of his race that overflowed the large auditorium of the New Hope Baptist church.

### PASTOR WINS PEACE PRIZE

Rev. Gaius G. Atkins, pastor of Central Congregational Church, Providence, won the first prize of \$1000 for the best peace essay, offered by the Carnegie Church Peace Union to "any pastor of any church in the United States," in the contest which closed January 1.

### TEACHING KINDNESS

This teaching kindness to animals may seem a simple thing, but the more one looks into its merits the more penetrating this spiritualizing influence seems to be, causing a change of conduct, inspiring justice and compassion in the place of selfishness, and I want to underscore that word "selfishness," and cruelty; training the mind to apprehend is true teaching, training the heart to sympathize, is mercy. To realize the needs of the lowly creatures and cause a child to feel the protecting sympathy due its helpless, dumb companion, may in after years inspire the life of a philanthropist. Our daily newspapers demonstrate the incredible cruel deeds perpetuated by children even of tender years, which should call forth remonstrance and greatest reproof from parents, teachers and guardians.

GEORGIANA KENDALL.

### FROM "INDIA'S CORAL STRAND"

In Ferozepore, Punjab, India, there is a progressive Band of Mercy, started in 1911, whose works of mercy, whose influence and success in preventing cruelty to animals and promoting kindlier feelings in human hearts towards all that lives, almost put to shame some of our far more prosperous American Bands.

Mr. Bhagat Ram, who is the assistant secretary of The Animals' Friend Society, is a wide-awake leader in Band of Mercy work. It has been our good pleasure to correspond with one in that great and populous country whose heart and mind are so inspired for the cause of humane education for India. A kind and cordial letter was received recently from Mr. Ram containing sample leaflets printed in English, that his society sends out for the cost of postage. We have been pleased to forward a considerable amount of our own humane literature to Mr. Ram, knowing him as a fellow-worker in a common cause.

### HUMANE TEACHING IN MAINE

Copies of *Our Dumb Animals* are put to some interesting uses in the Bands of Mercy in the schools of Maine. One teacher cuts out the large pictures and gives them to the pupils as awards; another uses the paper itself for this purpose. In several schools the pictures in the magazine are used as subject matter for essays. The large Band of Mercy star is used by some of the teachers as an honor badge, especially in the younger grades.

One boy said to his teacher, "I'd like to be a policeman and stop people from hurting animals." She replied, "You may be a policeman and wear the star badge, and see that the members of our Band are kind to animals." Since then the highest officer in that Band is known as a policeman.

Acts of kindness to persons, as well as to animals, are characteristic of these Band of Mercy members, and instances of their care and thoughtfulness are common.

In one Sunday-school the superintendent, who is a seedsman, has agreed to give the Bands in the school a quantity of seed which did not germinate, that they may use it to feed the birds.

### ERECT FOUNTAINS FOR ANIMALS

Fountains for animals are an absolute necessity. No city or town has enough of them. The horse often overworked and almost famished on the hot, dusty streets, cares not for grandeur, but for WATER. Modest fountains will suffice. The dual good can be accomplished if children, Bands of Mercy and humane workers everywhere would have entertainments, etc., whereby funds can be raised for the purchase of fountains, which will quench the animals' thirst, and at the same time imbue the child's heart and mind with the duty of kind treatment to all animal life.

### THE RED STAR SOCIETY

On the same spot where the Red Cross Society was founded just half a century ago there came into existence recently another organization created for bringing help and rescue to animals on the battle-fields. The time as well as the place was significant. On Christmas Eve, 1914, the new society, whose emblem is the Red Star, had its birth in Geneva, Switzerland.

Delegates from the belligerent countries met in conference; passed resolutions expressing sympathy for all sufferers from war; laid the foundation for a permanent international alliance, and created a Central Committee with headquarters at Geneva. The Committee now announces that a second international conference will be held on June 24, 1915, at Geneva. The delegates of all States, societies for assistance and protecting societies who have replied to the appeal, will be convened. This conference will hear the report of the committee, discuss the statutes of the international alliance, confirm the memberships, vote for the motions received beforehand by the central committee and take decisions for presenting to the States an international convention analogous to the Red Cross.

In the light of facts relating to the unparalleled suffering of horses and dogs in the present war, the Red Star Society, whose aims and efforts are to be in behalf of the dumb martyrs of man-made wars, should lack neither friends nor funds.

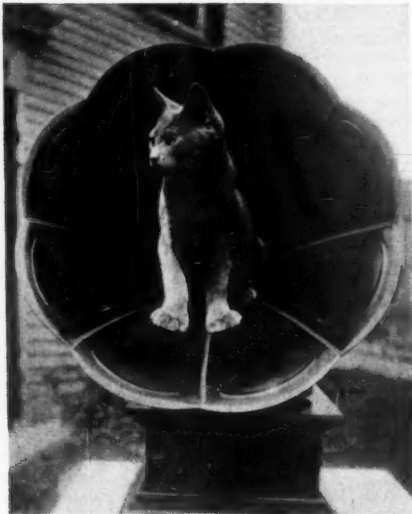
### PEACE PAGEANT IN HAWAII

We have received copies of *The Friend*, Honolulu, for March, in which there is a splendid account with many illustrations, of the magnificent Peace Pageant, celebrated on Alexander Field in February. This was undertaken by the managers of *The Friend* to commemorate the one hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain. Fifteen hundred people, representing the nations of the earth, participated. The Hawaiian Band played, and at the sound of a bugle, the different nations came forth, brilliant in their native costumes. There was a living representation of the great peace monument, The Christ of the Andes, followed by a procession which wound down the mountain side, under a white-arched gateway, to the terrace back of the stage. When all were seated the International Peace Flag was set in position, as binding together the British and American national banners, by Mrs. Alice Park of the American Humane Education Society.

A drill of plowshares and pruning-hooks, which had been made by the Korean farmers, followed. Then was produced a drama, "One Hundred Years of Peace," written for the occasion by Mr. James A. Wilder. During the action 1000 voices joined in the chorus of "Tenting tonight, wishing for the dawn of Peace." Other features were the march of the two nations, America and Great Britain; the ceremony of "Breaking the Flag"—the unfurling from the main flagstaff of the Stars and Stripes; the introduction of Britannia and John Bull; and, finally, the appearance of "Arbitration, clad in rags, like one neglected, but asking for a chance to play. Gladly they welcome her, dress her in cloth of gold, and with a wreath of lilies crown her Queen. The air is rent with cheers, led in turn by John Bull, Uncle Sam, and Britannia, and the whole assemblage breaks forth into song to the words, 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.'"

Congratulations to our Hawaiian friends for this significant and successful pageant.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts."



A MUSICAL CAT

Owned by Lillian M. Congdon, Providence, R. I., who took the picture while the phonograph was playing.

## A HUMANITARIAN

By ADA M. PECK

OUR "black beauty" of a cat, a yearling who has shown unusual intelligence upon several occasions, mounted a chair on the back porch and looked in the kitchen window, as he always does when wishing to call attention. When the door was opened for him he turned back with a coaxing cry, to a most disreputable looking straggler following in his wake—the pariah cat of the vicinity, which we had been told was lurking around to the menace of well-behaved feline citizens; a mangy, emaciated animal that had evidently aroused Pluto's sympathy by its very wretchedness, and which he was recommending to our mercy.

The poor creature skulked in timidly, deprecatingly, as if expecting rebuff, but was led by the furry philanthropist straight to the milk saucer, in which there was something left. Then this black beauty with a splendid white heart, sat by with an expression of positive benevolence on his really fine face. He purred his gratitude for our help in carrying out his scheme, loudly, and oh, how he wanted to talk! His eyes, unusually large, were full of words. Shortly, there was a well-filled plate to supplement the milk. Pluto went forward for a bit of meat but, as his guest growled, politely withdrew as much as to say, "You are almost starved; you may have it all."

Close observers find that all animals have their idiosyncrasies. This cat's aversion to whistling was brought to notice by his springing into the lap of a member of the family who was softly whistling a popular air and, after locating the obnoxious sound, reaching up and firmly placing his great seven-toed black foot on the lips of the offender. There was no display of temper, or unsheathing of claws; merely a velvety remonstrance which was promptly regarded. The experiment has been tried at different times with the same result. The cat's indifference to other musical sounds makes this instance more noticeable.

Those who go away in summer, leaving dogs and cats uncared for, are cruel both to animals and to human beings. The deserted dog or cat is almost certain to make many kind-hearted persons miserable.



## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

PIERROT, DOG OF BELGIUM, Walter A. Dyer.

Almost everyone who takes notice of dogs knows how important a role the dogs of Belgium play in the industrial life of peaceful times in that nation. There is something strikingly picturesque about those able-bodied, intelligent, business-like working dogs, plodding to market at early morning between the shafts of little drays full of the fresh products of the dairy and the garden. Willing helpers, almost indispensable are they with their "one-tenth horsepower," protectors and playmates of the children and guardians of property and the home.

Such a dog was Pierrot, we learn, before the tragedy of Belgium, and how he fared when all the fighting strength of his country was called forth—this is the story that Mr. Dyer tells.

Pierrot is commandeered for his country's defense and is quickly trained to draw a machine gun. With the courage and zeal of the bravest he tugs his weapon to the firing line and there, amidst the "battle madness which sometimes turns men into fiends," he helps out in the desperate resistance. He is wounded and makes his escape, to suffer not only from his injuries but also from thirst and hunger for many shelterless and friendless days and nights. He finally drags himself to the once prosperous home of his master only to find it reduced to ruin, but in a little one-room shack nearby, a wretched makeshift hovel, Pierrot finds his own dear people whose misery is for a time forgotten for joy over the return of their bread-winning, soldier dog.

It is a story that touches the heart, told from the standpoint of a dog by one whose love and understanding of dogs has often found expression.

For those who are prompted by this gripping narrative to render substantial assistance to the war-stricken needy of Belgium a detachable page at the end of the volume, upon which a subscription may be made, will be found. All such moneys will go to the Pierrot Fund for Relief in Belgium.

112 pp. \$1 net. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

THE ADVENTURES OF DANNY MEADOW MOUSE, Thornton W. Burgess.

Mr. Burgess' Bedtime Stories need no introduction to thousands of readers. These latest volumes are full of the charm that has made the preceding books in this series so popular, and Harrison Cady's very original and amusing drawings add wonderfully to them.

Danny Meadow Mouse has a pretty hard time escaping from old Granny Fox and Reddy Fox, and in evading them he forgets Hooty the Owl, who catches him unawares. Poor Danny has a terrible fright but manages to wriggle out of Hooty's claws and drops down into the Briar Patch, scaring Peter Rabbit almost to death. Peter, however, cares for him until he has recovered from his tears and bruises, and he is able to repay Peter's kindness when that very curious rabbit is caught in a snare set by Farmer Brown's boy.

119 pp. 50 cents, net. Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

THE ADVENTURES OF GRANDFATHER FROG, Thornton W. Burgess.

Grandfather Frog sets out to see what is going on in the Great World, away from the Smiling Pool, in spite of the warnings of his friends. He meets with many terrifying adventures, but refuses to return home. The Merry Little Breezes try to help him out of scrapes, but at last, having once escaped from Farmer Brown's boy, he is caught a second time. No one is more surprised than Grandfather Frog himself when he hops out of the boy's pocket and finds himself on the edge of the Smiling Pool. And he has been perfectly content to stay there ever since, with no more longings to see the Great World.

120 pp. 50 cents, net. Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

MODERN HORSE MANAGEMENT, Reginald S. Timmis.

A survey of the contents of this volume at once makes it evident that a very great task was undertaken. The author, an experienced, practical horseman in the fullest sense of the term, states that this work, which might very properly be called an encyclopedia of the horse, is a compilation of notes and other data taken from his lectures and published articles on the horse. With the purpose of supplying the demand for a book that will give the common-sense facts in relation to the broad subject of horse management the present work was issued. Its scope, general treatment and comprehensiveness make it a volume of such unusual merit as to be heartily recommended to all who are in any way associated with the horse or his interests.

The general reader's attention will be drawn to those chapters in which Mr. Timmis discusses some of the common forms of cruelty to animals, regretting that such matters demand exposition in so enlightened an age. "Humane Education—the Law," "The Crime of Docking Tails," "Opinions of Eminent Men, Books and the Press on Docking," "The Use and Abuse of Bearing-Reins," contain information that is up-to-date and conclusive.

Reference must be made to other sections of great practical moment which treat of stable construction, feeding, grooming, shoeing, riding, and driving. The common faults practised by horsemen today are pointed out and the better methods, based on practical reasoning and considered always from the horse's point of view, are sharply emphasized.

Other chapters deal with anatomical, organic, functional and contagious diseases, antiseptics, pharmacopoeia and the use of anesthetics.

Photographs, plans and drawings to the number of 466, secured from world-wide sources and at great expense, serve splendidly to illustrate every phase of the great subject.

The horse-loving public will place a high estimate on this exhaustive production and its effect should accrue to the great benefit of the horse—the age-long friend of man.

233 pp. 12s. 6d. net. Cassell and Company, Ltd., London and New York.

MONEY IN GOATS, W. Sheldon Bull.

It is the contention of the author of this small but well-made treatise that in the United States the goat has never obtained the place in relation to man to which it is entitled. The scant attention to this phase of animal industry results in great economic loss and has a material bearing on the public health. The facts and figures gathered from government reports and other authoritative sources bear witness to the importance of these useful little animals.

72 pp. 50 cents. Published by the author, 204 Ashland Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.



"WHERE'S MASTER?"



### FOSTER-MOTHER OF THE HUMAN RACE

By ELEANOR PEIRCE MARQUIS

*O gentle, docile creature as thou art  
That gazest on me with thy soft, mild eyes—  
Trusting me as friend; oft a foe  
Is man, and oft thy kindly nature tries.*

*Thy life holds much of pain and sacrifice.  
Thou art a mother, yet thy rights none give;  
But, helpless, art deprived of thy young,  
That man may feast, and human babes may live.*

*To thee thy keeper is a very god;  
And who would do thee wrong is ingrate base,  
That freely gives to others all thou hast—  
Dear foster-mother of the human race.*

### HUMANE WEEK IN PITTSBURGH

Through the efforts of the Animal Rescue League of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the public schools of that city observed Monday, May 24, as "Be Kind to Animals Day." In cooperation with our American Humane Education Society, the League furnished Supt. W. M. Davidson with 1500 copies each of "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" and the 1915 edition of "Readings, Recitations and other Exercises for Humane Day." Many humane and civic organizations of the city observed "Be Kind to Animals" week and scores of clergymen on Humane Sunday made pleas for humaneness.

### LOWELL HUMANE SOCIETY

At a recent meeting of the Lowell, Massachusetts, Humane Society, the question of disposal of discarded horses from the fire department received special attention. A letter was read from Commissioner James H. Carmichael, in which he stated that it was his desire that the horses which were good enough to be valuable should be sold only into good homes. The Humane Society will endeavor to cooperate with the city department in assisting in the proper disposition of such horses.

Agent C. F. Richardson reported 2972 animals involved in the month's investigations, with one prosecution and one conviction.

### "TRIP," A SHEPHERD DOG

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

Having recently noticed in the New York *Weekly Witness* an interesting extract from your magazine, on the "Intelligence of Dogs," I feel like adding some testimony, in the same line, from my own experience.

During the Civil War, my brother and I, on our new farm in western Illinois, kept a large number of sheep, from 1000 to 1600. The wolves on the prairie were so numerous and destructive that we were compelled to employ a shepherd to take continuous care of them. We also had a fine Scotch collie shepherd dog as a helper. Early in the day the flock was taken from the corral and driven slowly to the wild prairie pasture, two or three miles from home, the dog "Trip" helping to prevent too wide a separation. All usually passed quietly till near noon, when Trip was sent home to suckle her pups. The shepherd swung his hand in the direction of the home and said, "Trip, it's time to go to the pups." Away she went, and in a few minutes arrived at the home where she remained till towards the close of the afternoon, when with a swing of the hand in the direction of the flock, she was told, "Trip, it is time to go for the sheep." In a few minutes the shepherd gladly saw her white face appear on the bluff, as she came to his help. The flock was rounded up and soon brought home.

I recollect that on one occasion, when the usual count was made as they entered the corral, one sheep was missing. Trip was told of the loss, and pointed in the direction of the pasture. She started at once, the shepherd soon following on his horse. Just as he arrived at the pasture grounds he met Trip coming out of a little brush thicket, with the lost sheep and a new-born lamb.

One day while we were driving a few hogs to a neighbor's for butchering, we met a herd of several hundred hogs which were being driven to a shipping point twenty-five miles distant. Two miles or more from where we met the hogs, the drivers had to cross a creek at a wide, shallow ford, which generally gave much trouble. They knew our dog, and her skilfulness in helping them as she had previously done, and unnoticed by us, they coaxed her away, and after getting her help in crossing the creek, took her the whole distance to the shipping point. In the evening we missed our dog, and she did not appear for three days, when, on the third morning, on opening the door, we received a hearty greeting. It never occurred to us what had become of the dog. Several years afterwards, the old buyer informed me of the trick, and told me that his helpers, after stealing Trip's service, had determined to steal the dog herself and had shut her in an out-house from which she broke away and got home.

During hot weather, my brother and his wife were sleeping in the lower story of our house, with their windows open. After midnight, Trip came to the house, put her front feet on the window-sill and barked and whined till she waked the sleepers. Assured that something was wrong, brother arose and followed Trip to the stable, she running in front of him, wagging her tail and looking back to see that he was following. When he arrived at the stable he found one of the horses so entangled in a hitch-rope that it would have been impossible for it to survive till the morning.

What prompted, especially this last action? Was it not more than simple intelligence?

Aledo, Illinois.

WM. B. FREW.

To pray for animals, the Bishop vows,  
Is not canonical. Who prays for cows?  
But prey upon them—that's the course to take.  
Behold the Bishop blessing his beef-steak!

—The Humanitarian.



**A DOG'S A DOG WHEREVER FOUND**

By HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER

A dog's a dog the world around,  
No matter where he may be found.  
Some dogs they came from Galilee—  
Dogs! dogs are all the same to me!

I never knew a dog to fail  
In frisking of the friendly tail  
To kindliness; 'tis dogs rejoice  
Responsive to the human voice.

A dog's a dog in sunshine time;  
A dog's a dog in wintry clime.  
For, where the tropic sun is hot  
He's the same watcher on the spot;

Or, where the chilly winds assail  
There will you find him without fail—  
Asleep, awake, he's ever there,  
Dog-like and faithful, aye, and square!

A dog has no mean selfish ways—  
No matter whence he barks and bays  
Up to the moon his soul's delight  
In summer's calm or winter's blight.

His is the quick impulse to save  
Your life—or die upon your grave  
After your fitful fever's o'er—  
This marked servitor of yore.

Ah! give to him the wreath of fame—  
This dog, who knew God e'er you came.

**"QUEENIE," THE FIRE HERO**

In the city of Charleston, South Carolina, a generous friend of this magazine has erected several fountains for animals all bearing the motto, "Be Kind to Animals." Recently an unusual coincidence occurred when the house, in front of which stands the fountain last put in position, burst into flames. During the fire a pet pointer, "Queenie," was given credit for saving the lives of the occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hackett, who declared that the barking of their pet aroused them in time to make their escape from the home. Mrs. Hackett, who almost collapsed after helping her husband to the street, sat in a chair on the opposite sidewalk, with Queenie near her, and watched the firemen at work.

**DANGER OF ESCALATORS**

A correspondent writes us that a fine, noble dog had his legs broken passing from the escalator to the landing in one of the passages of the Boston Elevated Railway Co., and asks us to warn our readers who may be traveling with small animals always to be sure to carry them in arms over the escalator which, safe for adults and children, is not safe for animals. In response to a communication on this subject, the Elevated Company advises us that it discourages the transportation of dogs and has a rule permitting only small dogs, which may be held in the lap, on its cars.



A CANINE QUINTET

**PROTECTED BY PROVIDENCE**

By W. S. HIIGEL

Once in the course of my railroad experience a car of stock cattle was set off at my station for unloading. The car was old and had a poor floor, particularly in one end. There was a hole perhaps eighteen inches square just above the wheels that had been patched by having a board nailed over it before the car had been loaded. During the run this board had been torn off by the constant trampling of the animals over it and the wonder is that one or more of them did not sustain broken legs by falling through it. But the greater miracle is that, during the switching incident to placing the car at the unloading chute, when the car was scarcely ever still, one of the cows gave birth to a calf which fell through the hole in the car floor, between the axles and upon the track, where it lay without having sustained a scratch till a section crew gathered it up in a piece of canvas and laid it in a shed until the owner of the stock arrived, when he transferred it to the stock pens where, an hour later, it was nursing, unmindful of the hazardous experience it had had at birth. It was the prevailing opinion in the yard that if a man had gone through the same experience he would have been cut to pieces, affording another illustration of Providence helping those who can't help themselves.

**MATERNAL INSTINCT IN CATS**

Dr. A. L. Benedict, editor of the *Buffalo Medical Journal*, sends us this account of an interesting case, which he noted during a professional call:

A litter of black kittens, about two weeks old, lost their mother by accident. A brindle tiger cat immediately adopted them, devoting practically her entire attention to them and allowing them to suckle her, although she had no lacteal secretion. The kittens were nourished with warm cow's milk. It will be noted that the step-mother was of an entirely different strain and that there was no physiologic basis of any kind for the maternal instinct. In these respects, the case is quite different to those of the addition of an orphaned animal to another litter, to the adoption of young after drowning the original litter, to the adoption of a brood of chicks by a hen whose attempt at "setting" has been disturbed. For a cat of active habits to spend her time mothering a litter of different strain would seem inexplicable, even from an entirely unsentimental viewpoint, unless we assume a close analogy to the psychic basis of humane charity of a similar nature, that is to say, the possession of the rudiments of strictly ethical mental concepts.

**DOG GIVES HORSES WATER**

We have received five dollars from a subscriber, as from his pet dog, for watering horses on the streets of Boston in the summer. This donation was sent on the first anniversary of the dog's birthday. This is a very practical and sensible way of helping our cause, and is strongly recommended. The MORE you do for animal welfare the BETTER you will feel. DO IT NOW!

We protest against cruelty and injustice, not merely because we feel that the dawn of a better day is at hand, but because such a protest has to be made, and we know intuitively that we must help to make it. H. S. SALT.

**"SHEP"—PET OF AN OHIO TOWN**

"SHEP" is a Scotch collie of unusual intelligence, belonging to Mrs. Olive B. Mackan, proprietor of the *Advocate* of Plain City, Ohio. Her husband is superintendent of the Electric Light and Water plant at Marysville, and while holding a similar position in Plain City, when on his rounds in August, 1907, first met Shep, then a stray, and took him to the *Advocate* office. The dog at once became the pet of the owners and employees and is now the favorite of the entire bevy of school children and all animal lovers of the town.



"SHEP"

He soon learned to ride in his master's auto, and seemed already to know how to carry packages. He would carry mail from the post-office and would take a penny in his teeth and go to a restaurant alone and bring back to the *Advocate* office a sack of candy. He has never been known to be cross, but will not allow anyone to take his candy. He will put his paw on the sack and hold it fast. He will tear the paper and eat the candy piece by piece. Many a penny the school children have sacrificed to see Shep go for a treat, and many a traveling man who would not believe Shep would know where to go, has given him a nickel to be shown.

Shep will play "Hide and Seek," go up stairs of a morning and wake the family, watch a parcel left in his care, and on cold winter nights upon being left in the house has waked up his mistress when he thought the stove was too hot.

He will come and look straight at you and then walk to the hydrant when he wants a drink, and will wag his tail in thanks and look up with most innocent eyes before drinking. He will not drink stale water but has to see you get it fresh. He will eat everything his master and mistress do and is never forgotten when there is ice cream, candy or fruit. When members of the family have been away on the train, Shep has been on the platform at the station upon their return and would walk leisurely by their side as if he came on purpose to meet them.

He seems to understand every word said to him. Meat can be left within easy reach and he never molests it. Shep is old now, but his owners are especially kind to him, for they feel that no other dog can fill his place.



JIM AND TWISTER, LONG-LIVED CATS

These cats, which lived to be eighteen and sixteen years old respectively, were raised by Mrs. C. J. Mount, Highland, Michigan, who lovingly cared for them during those many years. Several times the master and mistress removed from one home to another, but the cats always went with Mrs. Mount, sitting sedately by her side.

## The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT, } State Organizers  
L. H. GUYOL, }

### PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our Dumb Animals, for one year.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and eighty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported in April, of which 137 were in schools of Connecticut, 92 in schools of Rhode Island, 86 in Massachusetts, 32 in schools of Virginia, and 16 in Sedalia, Missouri. Bands were also reported from New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Kentucky, Florida, Indiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Montana. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

#### Schools in Massachusetts

Boston: Martin, 12; Farragut, 8; Frothingham, 14; Wm. H. Kent, 6; Jacob Foss, 2; Bunker Hill, 10; Capen, 7; Benjamin Dean, 6; Benjamin Pope, 8; Joseph Tuckerman, 9.

Clinton: Pleasant St.; Chestnut St.

Hyde Park, Massachusetts: Abraham Lincoln.

Winchendon, Massachusetts: The Band for Animals.

Campton, New Hampshire: Campton.

#### Schools in Connecticut

East Haven: Union, 9.

Meriden: South Broad St., 7; North Broad St., 7;

Lewis Ave., 9; King St., 10; St. Joseph's, 7; North Colony, 10.  
New Haven: Greene St., 20; Hamilton, 11; Lovell, 12; Orange St., 14; Prince, 9; Welch, 12.

#### Schools in Rhode Island

Central Falls: Dexter St., 3; Kendall St., 4; Central St., 4.

Pawtucket: High St., 5; Cherry St., 5; Kindergarten Cottage, 2; Laurel Hill, 6; Broadway Grammar, 13.

Providence: Grove St., 7; Putnam St., 9; Manton Ave., 7; Atwells Ave. Primary, 15; Thayer St. Grammar, 12.

Southampton, New York: L. T. L.

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania: Friends to Dumb Animals; Friends to Birds.

Paterson, New Jersey: School No. 20.

Hyattsville, Maryland: Public Schools, 5.

#### Schools in Virginia

Alexandria: Colored, 11; Public, 6.

Ballston: Public, 4.

Cherrydale: Public, 4.

Clarendon: Public, 7.

Carrollton, Kentucky: Carrollton, 5.

Tampa, Florida: Be Kind.

Crawfordville, Indiana: Departmental School.

Sedalia, Missouri: Broadway School, 16.

Fort Smith, Arkansas: Mary Craige Yarrow.

Granfield, Oklahoma: Mayflower.

Dallas, Texas: Dallas Hustlers; Dallas Defenders.

Independence, Texas: Carey Crane.

East Helena, Montana: Black Butte.

Total number

Bands of Mercy, 96,546

### "HUMANE DAY" STORIES

In the "Exercises" which we supplied all the teachers of Massachusetts for use in observing "Humane Day," was a two-page illustration of three boys bandaging the injured leg of a dog. In the street was shown a broken bottle. Under the illustration were the words, "What is the Story of this Picture?" and teachers were asked to have their pupils write answers to the question. From the Thomas N. Hart School, South Boston, a teacher of the sixth grade sent the three following stories as the best that were submitted by her class. They show so much imagination on the part of the youthful writers that we are pleased to give them space here.

#### "To the Rescue"

By JOHN MALLEY, 12 yrs., Sixth Grade

"Say boys," said Jim Larkin, "let's break that bottle!"

"All right!" said Bill.

"Bang!" went the bottle.

"Some shot, Bill," said Jim.

"You bet," put in Sam.

"Let's play chase in the field," said Jim.

They soon entered the field.

"Who's that I hear groaning?" said Frank.

"Your dog!" said Jim.

"Come let's go over to our Barn Hospital and fix him up."

They went.

"Jim, you hold him, and Sam will hold his paw for me, and Bill get some hot water and sulpho-naphthol, and gauze."

Then Frank did his paw up.

In less than a half of a minute they knew what they had done. They were the ones who had broken the bottle.

Then Frank, the head doctor of their Barn Hospital, said, "I'm going to add a new rule to our others:

"DO NOT BREAK BOTTLES IN THE PUBLIC STREETS."

### A Humane Boy

By PATRICK FOLEY, 11 yrs., Sixth Grade

"Get out, you brute!"

This remark came from a boy who had a piece of meat in his hand. It was directed to a small collie dog named Prince. Prince came forward, hoping to get a bit of the meat. The boy threw a stick at him. The dog jumped back, trying to dodge the stick. A broken bottle was behind the dog, and a loud yelp rent the air as the dog's left forefoot struck a piece of the glass. The boy, frightened, ran away.

Just around the corner three boys were standing. They were talking about what they would like to be when they were men. "I'd like to go to sea," said one, Jack Jameson, by name. "I'd rather own a ship," said Joe Williams. The third was silent for a few minutes, as though thinking. At last he spoke:

"I'd like to be a doctor of animals," he said. "To cure cats, dogs, and —. What's that?" He broke off as he heard the dog's yelp. "Come on, Joe!" he cried. "I'm with you, Jim," Joe cried. "Coming, Jack?" he added. "Yes!" said Jack, as he broke into a fast run. Turning the corner, they saw Jim dart into his alley. When they got there they saw Jim bending over the dog. "It's my Prince," he cried. Suddenly he said, "Hold him, Joe." He darted into the house and appeared with water and a bandage. Soon the paw was bandaged up. After that Prince always went with Jim and could not be persuaded to go into the house unless Jim went too. Jim, Jack, and Joe now are at the head of a little Rescue League made up of boys. Jim is an original member of the Band of Mercy and Jack and Joe are hoping to be members soon. In the Band of Mercy, and upon the street, everybody knows Jim as the "BOY DOCTOR," as he is famous in fixing all kinds of wounds on animals.

### A Good Samaritan

By EDWARD LEWIS PRICE, 10 yrs., Sixth Grade

What is that little black thing across the street? Nothing, you say? It is a dog. A fragile, sickly being he is, but for all that, he can be faithful, can't he? Beaten, little thing, alone in the world he followed his master until night unto death he lay down to die. A cruel laugh and a careless kick was all the reward he got. Ah, but Fate is not going to let him off so easily.

A can is tied to his tail by means of a string. Howling in his distress the little dog ran down the street. He stopped as some stones followed his hasty retreat. Thrown there by some careless hands lay a broken bottle. This was what stopped him. A piece had got in his foot. With a painful whine the dog looked back. One of his best regiments broken and surrounded! This was Napoleon. "Glass to the front of him, boys to the back of him." Stay, Waterloo is not lost yet, for help comes in the form of three boys who were put under the names of Joe, Jack and John. With a howl like a tribe of wild Indians they chase the boys out of sight.

I must change the scene now. The place is a small, clean yard. The characters are the same. The dog's foot is better and he is to live in the little club which is now under the name of Life-savers of Animals. He is supported by the three boys. Tell me now, tell me true, don't you think it is worthy of that name?

### OPTIMISTIC CRICKET

By STANTON A. BROWN

No matter how dark or how dreary the day, That gay little fiddler just fiddles away.

Beware lest you tread on a friend who'd be missed— The gay little cricket—a true optimist!

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## THE NEWSIE'S PRAYER

By MARJORIE M. CARROLL

You're nothin' much to look at, but I like you jus' the same;

Say Bill, I often wonder how I lived before you came  
To cheer me up 'n comfort me when I wuz feelin' blue—

Why Bill, I couldn't get along without a friend like you!

When times wuz hard, 'n all the lads gave me the icy mitt

'N when I'd lost my hold on things, old pal, you didn't quit,

You plugged along, you good old chum, till only skin 'n bones

Wuz left on you—'n even then, 'twas me gave all the groans!

You never even whimpered when that big truck run you down

You jus' lay there 'n looked at me, from them big eyes o' brown

'N looked at me—'n looked—until I thought my brain 'd give,

'N now I'm on my knees, Bill, prayin' God'll let you live!

I don't know much religion, Bill—I only know you're hurt,

'N if by prayin' you'll git well, I'll kneel here in the dirt

'N say, O, Lord, he can not ask fer himself, cuz he's dumb,

He's jus' a poor old crippled dog—but he's my precious chum!



OUT AMONG THE DAISIES

## QUEER POCKETS

Do you know what out-door creatures have pockets? The squirrels do not carry nuts between their teeth, but have pockets in their cheeks. Did you ever see them fill these pockets with nuts? They empty them by pressing with their paws against the bottom of them and opening their mouths.

The kangaroo has a pocket of fur, in which she carries—what do you think? Her baby! For baby kangaroos cannot leap as fast as their mothers, and need to be carried if they are to keep up.

The opossum, too, has a fur pocket big enough to hold several babies, which she tucks in when she goes a-traveling.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S DOG

**D**ON, the dog in the accompanying picture, is owned by Miss Edna Harvey, of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. Don is three years old, full of sport and fun, and very fond of candy. He is a great ball player, and understands not only words but many long sentences.



When Miss Harvey starts for a walk she will say to Don, "Go get your stick and you may go along." Don will go and get the stick at once. He has very strong likes and dislikes. A near neighbor has a dog named Boobley that Don dislikes very much. When Don sulks, as he does sometimes when he will not eat his supper, Miss Harvey says, "I will give you supper to Boobley," whereupon Don eats it very quickly.

## GREAT BECAUSE FIRST GOOD

One day, Gerhardt, a German shepherd-boy, was watching his flock near a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods, and asked: "How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy. "But the road is only a sheep-track and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said: "My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty. I have lost my companion and missed my way. Show me the road and I will pay you well."

"I can not leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods and may be eaten by the wolves."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you earn in a whole year."

"I can not go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time and trusts me with his sheep."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," he said, "do not know your voice, and—"

"What? Can't you trust me?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said: "I see, my lad, that you are a faithful boy. I will not forget you. I will try to make out the road myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who ate it gladly. Presently his attendant came up; and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country around.

The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.



## MISUNDERSTOOD

By WILL P. LOCKHART

Because we ever strive and plan  
To shield the dumb of every kind,  
We're sometimes criticized by man—  
Some say, to human woes, we're blind.  
A thrust unkind, to say the least—  
We seek to follow God's command;  
To bring the love for man and beast  
Adown the ages hand in hand.

Go study well the man that's kind  
To every dumb brute in his care,  
And in his heart you'll always find  
Of brother-love a goodly share;  
You'll find that man a friend indeed,  
Samaritan to man's distress.  
Because for our dumb friends we plead,  
We do not love mankind the less.

For treasons, stratagems and spoils,  
You'll find no place in that man's soul  
Who loves the faithful beast that toils  
And God's dumb kingdom as a whole.  
This sad old earth is full of care,  
Blind fortune deals us bitter blows;  
But while the dumb our ruth may share,  
We yet may weep a brother's woes.

## DO BANDS OF MERCY LIVE?

We sometimes hear criticisms of the Band of Mercy something like this: "What does it amount to? They don't last but a short time, a few weeks or months at the most." To this we invariably reply: "Even if only one meeting is held and the children become interested enough to take the pledge, we believe the seed sown is likely to yield a harvest that will amply repay all effort and expense put into the work."

But many of the Bands do last, for a year at least, and some of them for decades. A large proportion of the Bands are organized in schools where the interest is kept up till the end of the school year, anyway. Often the rooms are re-organized into new Bands each successive year.

There are not a few communities where neighborhood Bands of Mercy have a continuous existence for many years. In a late newspaper clipping, calling attention to one of these in a Massachusetts town, we read:

"In the '80s there was organized a society known as the East Lexington Band of Mercy and, while it has ever exercised a watchful eye over its aim, has seldom been called upon to use any of its finances. This society recently voted to disband and donated its funds to the village clock committee to assist in paying for their illuminated timepiece. By its aid we trust many a willing horse may be spared any unnecessary pace by his master while struggling with his load by night or day, and few of us have, until recently, appreciated the clock's value to both man and beast."

There follow the names of twelve ladies and gentlemen now living and residing in East Lexington who were members of this Band of Mercy. A continuous existence for a generation is a pretty good record for a Band of Mercy in a small New England town.

## FRANK COE HUBBARD

We have received a brochure, "In Memory of Frank C. Hubbard," an able lawyer, who was president of the Humane Society of the City of Columbus, Ohio, from 1902 until his death, December 26, 1914. For over quarter of a century Mr. Hubbard had been actively identified with this Society, his wide sympathies for the unfortunate finding expression also in official service for many other charitable organizations. With the late James M. Brown of Toledo, Mr. Hubbard was responsible for much of the legislation in Ohio relating to children and animals. We extend sympathy to the Columbus Society in their great loss of this fine leader.

## THE "A B C" OF KINDNESS

In the work of organizing branch committees of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. throughout the State, we learn much that is of interest and benefit.

In looking over the report of the Unitarian Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, we find the following: "Kindergarten Class—S. P. C. A." and then follows the list of the different grades, opposite each grade being the name of one of the charitable institutions of the city or state. In explaining this report, Mr. Reccord, the minister, stated that inasmuch as all instruction is given to children gradually, according to grade and age, he had always felt that the same methods should be applied when teaching children compassion.

"Therefore," said he, "I begin with the kindergarten, and each class in my Sunday-school is taught to take its share in the charitable work of the city. All contributions from each class are devoted to each particular charity. In this way, by the time the children leave the Sunday-school, they have been systematically instructed in their duty to humanity."

"In the kindergarten we teach the children to be kind to animals, as that is the very A B C of compassion."

Surely Mr. Reccord has found the right theory and the right practice.

We know that from every kind deed sown today, tomorrow will spring the flower of unselfishness perfuming our whole lives. We know that when children are learning justice and compassion to the helpless and unfortunate, they are developing the broadest traits that will take them far on the high road of nobility of purpose. When we are teaching them to be considerate of suffering and weakness we are starting in their hearts the fountain springs of a gentleness which will make their passing through the world as the passing of some sweet angel of light. L.H.G.

## NEW SANITARY FOUNTAINS

The Band of Mercy and others of Ridgely, Maryland, the W. C. T. U., Dorranceton, Pennsylvania, and Hon. W. E. Stone, Lafayette, Indiana, are installing new drinking fountains for horses, of the approved sanitary kind, made by the H. F. Jenks Co., Inc.

## COL. M. RICHARDS MUCKLE

The Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. has lost by death its venerable and honored president, Col. M. Richards Muckle, who was one of the pioneer humanitarians of this country. His name is associated with that of Henry Bergh and of Geo. T. Angell, for he helped to organize one of the three first societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the United States. From 1896 until March 30, 1915, when he died at ninety years of age, Col. Muckle was president of the Pennsylvania Society.

He was a native of Philadelphia where he had always resided. At eighteen he went to work on the *Public Ledger* of that city and later became business manager of that influential paper. His parents were German, and he was a personal friend of Bismarck and was decorated by the Emperor with the military order of the Red Cross. Col. Muckle was one of Philadelphia's most prominent men, long identified with German-American organizations, Odd Fellows, Masons, and philanthropic societies. Only a year or two ago, when visiting the offices of the Philadelphia S. P. C. A., we found Col. Muckle at the president's desk, his habit being to spend an hour or more every day directing the work, which was so near to his heart.

His loss will be mourned by countless friends throughout the world, but will be specially felt in anti-cruelty circles.

## RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR APRIL, 1915

Bequests of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble, \$2500; Franklin P. Hyde, \$2411; Mrs. V. C. Lord, \$1027.56; Charles A. Boynton, \$1000; Ashton Estate, \$950; Susan H. Leeds, \$500; Sarah E. Langill, \$5.

## Members and Donors

Mrs. M. B. C., \$200; N. T. K., \$102; Mrs. M. K. B., \$100; Dr. A. A. R. for Hospital, \$25; E. A. U., \$20; "A. E.", \$20; P. B. D. for Hospital, \$20; E. M. B., \$20; E. T. P. for Pet Dept., \$18; Mrs. E. A. W. for Hospital, \$17.50; small sums for Hospital, \$16.38; Mrs. A. S. P., \$15; Miss L. B., for Hospital, \$10; M. V. P., \$10; Mrs. D. R. F. L., for Hospital, \$7.70; F. C. R., M. D., for Hospital, \$7; Mrs. H. A., \$4; Mrs. A. L. B., \$3; Mrs. A. H. B., \$3; Mrs. W. H. P., \$3; Mrs. J. G. H., \$3; Mrs. S., \$3; Mrs. C. H. C., \$3; T. W. G., \$3; M. R. for Pet Dept., \$2; C. W. L., for Hospital, \$2; P. C. L., \$1.50; a young friend, \$0.50; a friend, \$0.25; Mrs. C. R., \$0.50; Mrs. M. T. F., \$0.50; pictures, \$1.

## FIVE DOLLARS EACH

Miss L. B., Mrs. W. B., Miss M. H. W., Mrs. C. P. W., C. J. V. S., Mrs. M. T. R., Mrs. H. H. C., S. B. W., A. R. T., E. T. S. Co., C. & C. Co., A. B., E. B., Mr. and Mrs. G. C., E. F. B., C. for B. in A. R., Miss A. M. M., Mrs. J. W. P., Mr. and Mrs. J. W., Miss H. P. S., C. L. A., L. W. C., Mrs. S. E. B., a friend, for my dog "Beauty" for Summer Work.

## TWO DOLLARS EACH

F. C. K., Mrs. I. McL., Mrs. C. L., Mrs. K. A. I., a friend, Mrs. W. A. B., Mrs. J. S. B., H. C. B., Mrs. J. F. W., A. B., Mrs. K. M. F., Hon. J. C., Mrs. A. H. B., C. S. F. Co., W. B. R., W. W. W. Co., A. L. W., B. & P., Miss E. S., Mrs. W. A. P., C. J.

## ONE DOLLAR EACH

Mrs. E. H. T., Rev. Fr. J. T. T., Miss C. G. C., Mrs. E. E., Miss E. R. G., Miss M. S. R., Mrs. L. W. S., McC., Miss J. G. W., Mrs. H. E. M., H. W. S., J. P. R., C. A. W., Mrs. W. C. G., Mrs. C. S. M., a friend, J. F. F., Mrs. D. M., J. P. G., Miss L. G. H., Mrs. M. H. J., Mrs. F. J. C., S. E., Mrs. A. R., J. H. C., C. F. S., L. B. C., M. D., Mrs. L. A. E., Miss D. W. M., A. C. H., W. H. T., G. A. F., Mrs. C. C. B., H. M. G., G. F. B., Mrs. M. P. W. S., Mrs. E. S. M., Mrs. L. A. A., Dr. A. A. B., Master J. W. A., Mrs. C. S. L., Central Nat. B. L., Mrs. M. E. B., G. L., Miss B. A. B., Miss A. E. B., L. S. C., Mrs. A. F. B., J. M. C., and for the Hospital, J. D., Miss M. E. W., "In memory of Ned, Ben and Tattum," M. H. B., Mrs. O. E. J., A. J. H., Mrs. T. P. R., Mrs. G. S., Miss E. F., Mrs. S. A. F., Mrs. L. D. M., Mrs. E. P. B., R. H. B., Mrs. H. A. B., Rev. W. J. D., Miss S. C., Miss A. M., C. F. B., H. S., Mrs. H. T. C., M. and K., Mrs. C. P. A., Miss F. B., Mrs. M. C., J. S. G., Mrs. W. R. C., E. D. T., M. D., P. F. T., G. W. F., H. and K., Mrs. J. W. B., E. O. R., J. C. E., J. B. E., E. H. P., Mrs. J. M. J., L. F. S., Mrs. C. H. B., J. S. M., F. O. S., W. C. N., C. N., P. M., F. P.

Total, \$9288.39.

The American Humane Education Society, \$550.

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